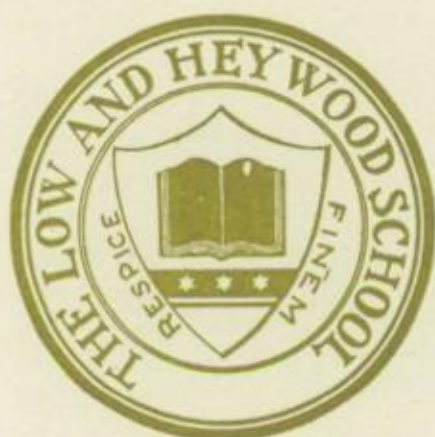


THE
HALO

1928

Susan Potter Oliver
Class of '25



The HALO

VOL. XV

MAY 1928

No. 3

THE LOW AND HEYWOOD SCHOOL STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

EVELYN HOWARD, '28, *Editor-in-Chief*

Assistant Editors

MARY LOUISE COLBURN, '28

SARAH JACKSON, '28

DORIS RANSOHOFF, '29

KATHERINE MARTIN, '29

FLORENCE ARESON, '29

MARY NICHOLSON, '29, *Alumnae Editor*

LETITIA ORR, '29, *Exchanges*

FRANCES TAINTOR, '28, *Business Manager*

MARY TYSON, '28, *Art Editor*

CAROL WARE, '29, *Assistant Business Manager*

Faculty Advisers—MISS CHASE AND MISS HOOGS

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
SCHOOL DIRECTORY	4	THOUGHTS OF AN AIRDALE PUPPY ..	37
EDITORIALS	5	MY CAT WAKES UP	37
SENIOR PICTURES	7	REINCARNATIONS OF '28	38
IN ZANINI'S BOOK	20	IN THE SPRINGTIME	39
THE REWARD	20	WAITING	40
CLASS PROPHECY	22	SPANISH EXHIBITION	41
CLASS STATISTICS	24	SOLITUDE	41
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT	25	ELEGY	42
CLASS OF '28 PICTURE	27	CAP'N BILL	42
HALO BOARD PICTURE	28	DEAR LITTLE, SWEET LITTLE YOU ..	43
BASKETBALL TEAM PICTURE	29	THE WIND	44
HOCKEY TEAM PICTURE	30	SANDRA'S HAPPINESS	44
I AM A SLAVE	31	FLORIDA	47
A LAUGH	32	SENIORS AS MAGAZINES	48
GREEDY LITTLE BEGGARS	32	DIARY OF A LOW-HEYWOOD GIRL	49
DO DREAMS COME TRUE?	33	DRAMA AND BOOK REVIEW	51
FRIEND	35	SPORTS	57
GETTING UP	35	EXCHANGES	60
THE CRESCENT MOON	36	ADVERTISEMENTS	61
I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD ..	36		

THE HALO SCHOOL DIRECTORY

MU SIGMA

<i>President</i>	SARAH JACKSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH CRYSTAL
<i>Secretary</i> }	SUSAN O'NEIL
<i>Treasurer</i> }	

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	BARBARA BLACK
<i>Vice-President</i>	VIRGINIA MAYO
<i>Secretary</i>	BETTY CANDEE
<i>Treasurer</i>	FLORENCE ARESON
<i>Editor</i>	CAROL WARE

SENIOR COUNCIL

President, LEE POPE

BETTY CANDEE
SARAH JACKSON

BARBARA BLACK
VIRGINIA MAYO

STUDENT COUNCIL

President, VIRGINIA MAYO

FLORENCE ARESON
KATHERINE WILDER

BARBARA MCKELVEY
BETSY HOWES

TREASURER OF THE BUDGET

ELINOR AVERY, '28

CHEER AND SONG LEADER

MARY NICHOLSON, '29

BENEVOLENT FUND

CECILE MALONE, '28

Captain of Blues
BARBARA BLACK

Captain of Blacks
SARAH JACKSON

Senior Class

President, LEE POPE
Vice-President, FRANCES TAINTOR
Secretary, RACHEL DELAND
Treasurer, MARY LOUISE COLBURN

Junior Class

President, KATHERINE MARTIN
Vice-President, CAROL WARE
Secretary, LETITIA ORR
Treasurer, MARY NICHOLSON

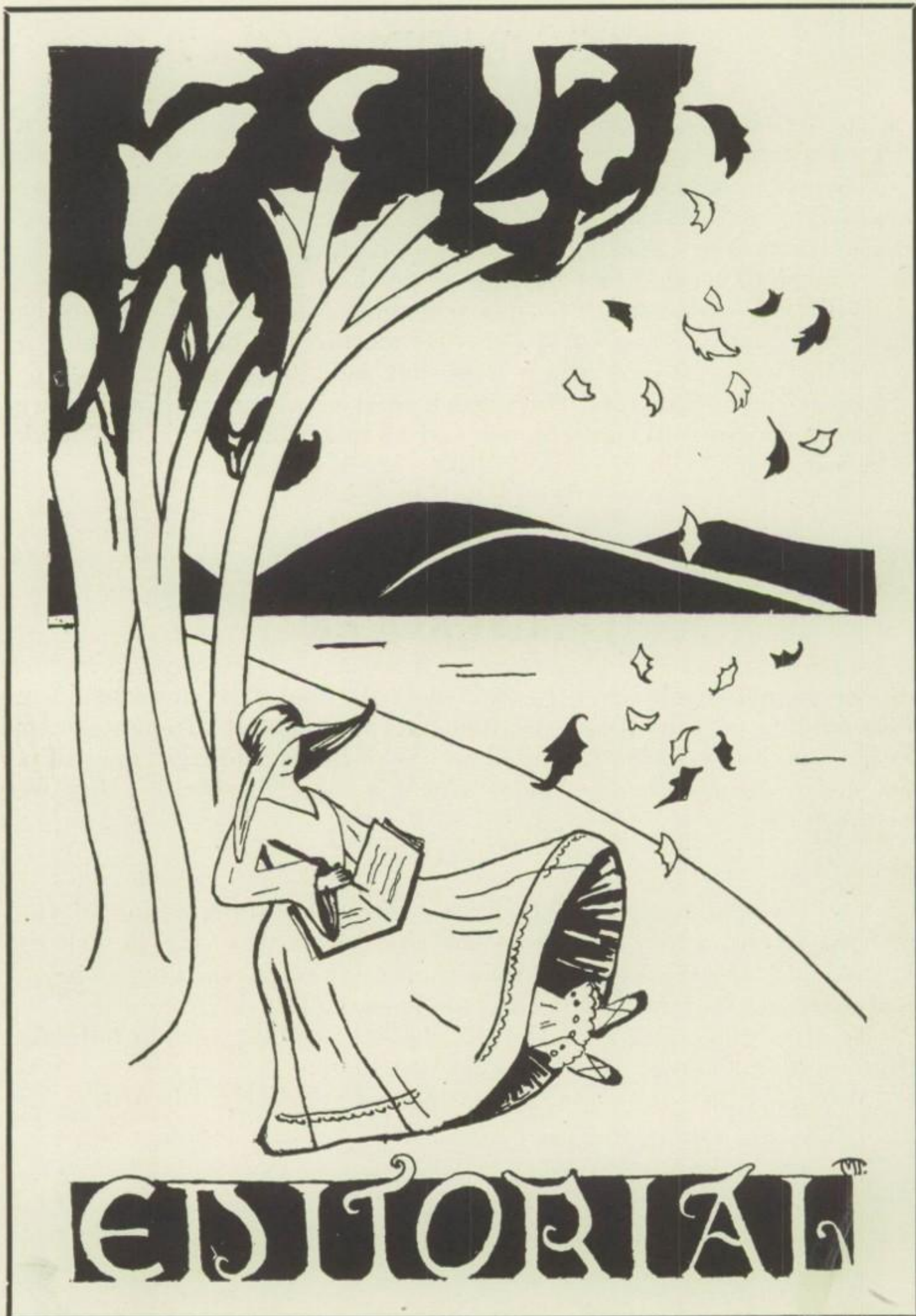
Sophomore Class

President, LOUISE GRANDY
Vice-President, ELVIRA SIMMONS
Secretary, BETTY SMITH
Treasurer, BARBARA MCKELVEY

Freshman Class

President, MARION HATCH
Vice-President, ELEANORE SLOAT
Secretary, LUCILLE BARUC
Treasurer, KATHERINE WILDER

THE HALO



THE HALO

AGÉ BODDHO

AGE BODDHO—Press On.—We have tried to make these words a very real part of our class spirit, and of all our school life. They have become dear and close to us as memories of the busy, happy days that we are leaving behind; of the friendships we have made; of lessons learned by experience; and, above all, of the School that has been a home to us, that has given us so much to live up to.

But *Agé Boddho* won't be just a memory. It will stay close to us when we go out into the world—our life motto. We have completed a wonderful and vital part of our lives, but we will not stop here. For with memories of Low and Heywood behind us as our inspiration, we will press on—we will climb higher and higher, whatever field of work we choose.

* * * * *

TO MISS ROPER

We cannot say farewell to our beloved school without recognition of its guiding personality, whose influence must be felt through all our lives. Miss Roper has taught us the ways of honor and sportsmanship, and has inspired in us the ideals of her wonderful school. May we live up to them!

* * * * *

The Halo Board wishes to express its deep appreciation of the splendid way in which the school has cooperated this year in writing for the Halo. As the Yearbook goes to press, we are receiving so much good material, that we find it hard to choose!

To Miss Chase and Miss Hoogs, who have helped us so unfailingly with our magazine, we offer our sincerest thanks.

May good luck and success go with next year's Halo Board.

THE HALO

ELIZABETH LEE POPE
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
1923—1928

Plays, '24.
Hockey Team, '25, '26, '27, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28.
Blue Basketball Squad, '28.
Class President, '26, '27, '28.
Prom Committee, '27.
Head of Prom Committee, '28.
Student Council, '27.
President Senior Council, '28.
Track Squad, '24.
Track Team, '25.
Blue Track Team, '27.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Senior Plays, '28.

*"Wisdom she has, and to her wisdom courage,
Temper to that, and unto all success."*

Known as Lee
Main occupation Skipping exercise
Will be Eva La Gallienne's publicity agent
Saving grace Personality



ELINOR LOUISE AVERY
Cincinnati, Ohio
1926—1928

Treasurer of the Budget, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Senior Plays, '28.

*"She shall win the upward race,
Who makes the top her breathing place."*

Known as Elinor
Main occupation Counting Budget Spoons
Will be Thrifty Housewife
Saving grace Scholastic Standing



THE HALO



LAVINIA LOWRY BEECROFT
Pelham, N. Y.
1927—1928

Glee Club, '28.
Basketball Team, '28.
Tea Dance Committee, '28.

*"No sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
E'en though brought thither, could inhabit
there."*

Known as "Vinnie"
Main occupation Telling Jokes
Will be Pelham's Society Leader
Saving grace Her profile



BARBARA BLACK
Southport, Conn.
1924—1928

Senior Council, '28.
Treasurer of Athletic Association, '27.
President of Athletic Association, '28.
Hockey Team, '26, '27, '28.
Captain of Hockey Team, '27.
Track Team, '25.
Basketball Team, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '25, '26, '27.
Captain of Class Basketball Team, '27.
Blue Track Team, '26, '27, '28.
Captain of Blues, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Fairchester-School Hockey, First Team, '27, '28.
School Plays, '26.

*"An equal mixture of good humor
And sensible, soft melancholy."*

Known as "Blackie"
Main occupation Forgetting things
Will be An All-American Hockey Star
Saving Grace Her Laugh

THE HALO

ELIZABETH LOUISE CANDEE
Scarsdale, N. Y.
1926—1928

School Plays, '27.
Senior Council, '28.
Hockey Squad, '28.
Captain of Second Hockey Team, '27.
Captain of Class Basketball Team, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '27, '28.
Prom Committee, '27.
Chairman of Tea Dance Committee, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Secretary of Athletic Association, '28.
Senior Plays, '28.
Manager of Hockey and Basketball, '28.

*"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the
past."*

Known as "Candee"
Main occupation Managing Teams
Will be Mrs. ?—
Saving grace Her Pep



MARY LOUISE COLBURN
Biltmore, N. C.
1925—1928

Class Basketball Team, '26, '27, '28.
Treasurer of The Class, '26, '28.
Halo Board, '27, '28.
Black Track Team, '26.
Hockey Squad, '28.
Prom Committee, '27.

*"The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things."*

Known as "Lou"
Main occupation Reading Detective Stories
Will be Oxford Latin Student
Saving grace Generosity



THE HALO



RUTH ANNE CRYSTAL
New Rochelle, N. Y.
1926—1928

School Plays, '27, '28.
Tea Dance Committee, '27.
Prom Committee, '28.
Basketball Team, '27, '28.
Captain Basketball Team, '28.
Vice-President Mu Sigma, '28.
Glee Club, '27.

*"At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within
me."*

Known as Ruth
Main occupation Manicuring her nails
Will be A popular débutante
Saving grace Her complexion



RACHEL KENILWORTH DELAND
Boston, Mass.
1925—1928

Secretary of Class, '27, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.

*"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."*

Known as "Bunny"
Main occupation Getting in and out
of the Infirmary
Will be In the Navy
Saving grace Her disposition

THE HALO

EDITH ROWE GREENWOOD
Stamford, Conn.
1928—1928

Tea Dance Committee, '28.

"Truth needs no flowers of speech."

Known as Rowe
Main occupation Calling up Dot
Will be Glenna Collett's Rival
Saving grace Her Tact



EVELYN DAVIS HOWARD
Sound Beach, Conn.
1924—1928

Vice-President of Class, '25, '27.
Class Basketball Team, '24, '25, '26, '27.
Class Basketball Squad, '28.
Captain Class Basketball Team, '25.
Hockey Team, '28.
Halo Board, '27.
Editor-in-Chief of Halo, '28.
Tea Dance Committee, '27.
Prom Committee, '28.
School Play, '27.
Senior Plays, '28.
Student Council, '27.
Day Scholar Play, '27.

"O, she sits high in all the people's hearts."

Known as "Evie"
Main occupation Giggling
Will be Head Nurse in Presbyterian Hospital
Saving grace Her brain



THE HALO



SARAH GEORGE JACKSON
Asheville, N. C.
1926—1928

President of Mu Sigma, '28.
Senior Council, '28.
Halo Board, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Prom Committee, '28.
Tea Dance Committee, '27.
Captain of Blacks, '28.
Basketball Squad, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '27.
Senior Plays, '28.

*"Oh, bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."*

Known as "Sally"
Main occupation Boosting the South
Will be .. Dancing Teacher at the Asheville School
Saving grace Her smile



MADELEINE EMILY JONCKHEERE
Boston, Mass.
1927—1928

Class Basketball Team, '28.

"Her words were simple and her soul sincere."

Known as Madeleine
Main occupation Chewing Gum
Will be A Famous Hostess of Boston
Saving grace Her accent

THE HALO

JEANNE HELEN KANN
Binghamton, N. Y.
1923—1928

French Plays, '24, '25.
Plays, '24, '26, '27.
Senior Plays, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Class Basketball Squad, '28.

"A friend is Gold."

Known as Jeanne
Main occupation Reading
Will be Literary Critic
Saving grace Willingness



CÉCILE HENRY MALONE
Asheville, N. C.
1926—1928

Benevolent Fund, '28.
Glee Club, '27, '28.
Prom Committee, '28.
Senior Plays, '28.

*"Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive divine."*

Known as Cécile
Main occupation Making over hats
Will be Hairdresser
Saving grace Her Voice



THE HALO



DORIS MAYO
Stamford, Conn.
1918—1928

Class Basketball Team, '24, '25, '26, '27.

"Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined."

Known as "Dot"
Main occupation, Tidying up Lab. after Chemistry
Will be Kindergarten Teacher
Saving grace Unselfishness



VIRGINIA MAYO
Stamford, Conn.
1918—1928

President Student Government, '28.
Senior Council, '28.
Tea Dance Committee, '28.
Captain 2nd Hockey Team, '25.
Hockey Team, '27, '28.
Fairchester-School Hockey Team, '27.
School Play, '27.
Day Scholar Play, '27.
Class Basketball Team, '24, '25.
Basketball Squad, '26, '27.
Basketball Team, '28.
Vice-President, A. A., '28.
Blue Track Team, '27.

*"Wisdom of what herself makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice."*

Known as "Ginny"
Main occupation .. Running Student Government
Will be A Lawyer
Saving grace Sportsmanship

THE HALO

MARY LOUISE MILLIGAN
New Canaan, Conn.
1926—1928

"Extremes in nature equal good produce."

Known as "Mary Lou"
Main occupation Making a noise
Will be Cleveland's Shining Light
Saving grace Her Hair



SUSAN POTTER O'NEIL
Sewickley, Pa.
1925—1928

Secretary and Treasurer of Mu Sigma, '28.
Tea Dance Committee, '28.
Class Basketball Squad, '28.
School Plays, '26, '27.

*"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens
life."*

Known as "Sue"
Main occupation Calling "Bunny"
Will be Jockey
Saving grace Her Sense of Humor



THE HALO



ANNETTE SEVERN PHILLIPS
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
1927—1928

Tea Dance Committee, '28.
Class Basketball Squad, '28.
Senior Plays, '28.
Glee Club, '28.

"A smile recures the wounding of a frown."

Known as Annette
Main occupation Talking
Will be M. F. H.
Saving grace Her Cheerfulness



BETTY RAY
New Canaan, Conn.
1927—1928

*"True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good."*

Known as Betty
Main occupation, Laughing at Mary Lou Milligan
Will be Explorer in Africa
Saving grace Her Figure

THE HALO

FRANCES NOYES TAINTOR
Stamford, Conn.
1921—1928

Class Basketball Team, '24, '25, '26.
Basketball Team, '27, '28.
Track Team, '24.
Blue Track Team, '27.
Secretary of Class, '25, '26.
Vice-President of Class, '28.
Business Manager of Halo, '28.
Senior Plays, '28.

*"Firm and resolved by sterling worth to gain
Love and respect; thou shalt not strive in vain."*

Known as "Taintor"
Main occupation Making money for the Halo
Will be Secretary of the Treasury
Saving grace Her Dependability



ELEANOR BENNETT—P. G.
Cambridge, Mass.
1927—1928

Senior Plays, '28.
Glee Club, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '28.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise."

Known as "Bennett"
Main occupation Eating
Will be Harvard Professor's Wife
Saving grace Her Eyes



THE HALO



ANNE LOUISE KIRBY, P. G.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
1927—1928

Senior Plays, '28.

"Slowly provoked, she easily forgives."

Known as Anne
Main occupation Reading the Kalamazoo Gazette
Will be German Teacher
Saving grace Her good nature



ELEANOR KIRBY, P. G.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
1927—1928

Senior Plays, '28.

*"Passion and pride were to her soul unknown;
Convinced that virtue only is our own."*

Known as Eleanor
Main occupation .. Playing "Roses of Picardy"
Will be Linguist
Saving grace Her Common Sense

THE HALO

MARY VIRGINIA TYSON, P. G.
Pelham, N. Y.
1927—1928

Hockey Team, '28.
Glee Club, '28.
Class Basketball Team, '28.
Prom Committee, '28.
Halo Board, '28.

*"But genius must be born;
And never can be taught."*

Known as	"Ty"
Main occupation	Being late
Will be	Famous Artist
Saving grace	Her Coloring



THE HALO

IN ZANINI'S BOOK

IN SOME far-off land which it took even the best ships years to reach, a certain vessel had been sighted one fair June morning. Such a vessel as the people had never seen before. It shone in the sunshine, dazzling the superstitious watchers on the shore into a frenzy. The entire boat was silver, except for a green flag at the top.

Was this—no—but, could this be the promised ship which the gods were sending them?

In Zanini's house was a gold book, and in this book was a prophecy, said to have been written by a god.

"..... One day, into your harbor will sail a silver ship with a green flag, manned by a reliable and trustworthy crew. This boat will bring a cargo so rich that you will not recognize its full worth at first. But the ship itself will not stay with you. It will continue its journey, the crew separating to build other fine vessels. On the bow the name will be printed in simple letters—'1928.' "

KITTY MARTIN, '29.

THE REWARD

(With apologies to Kipling.)

When the last of this year approaches and the Seniors have had their day,

When they have received their honors, and each has had a say,
They shall play, and faith they shall need it,—play hard for a month or two,

Till all of a sudden they'll wonder—"Just what am I going to do?"

Oh, some who are wise leave for college—they shall go forth to conquer anew,

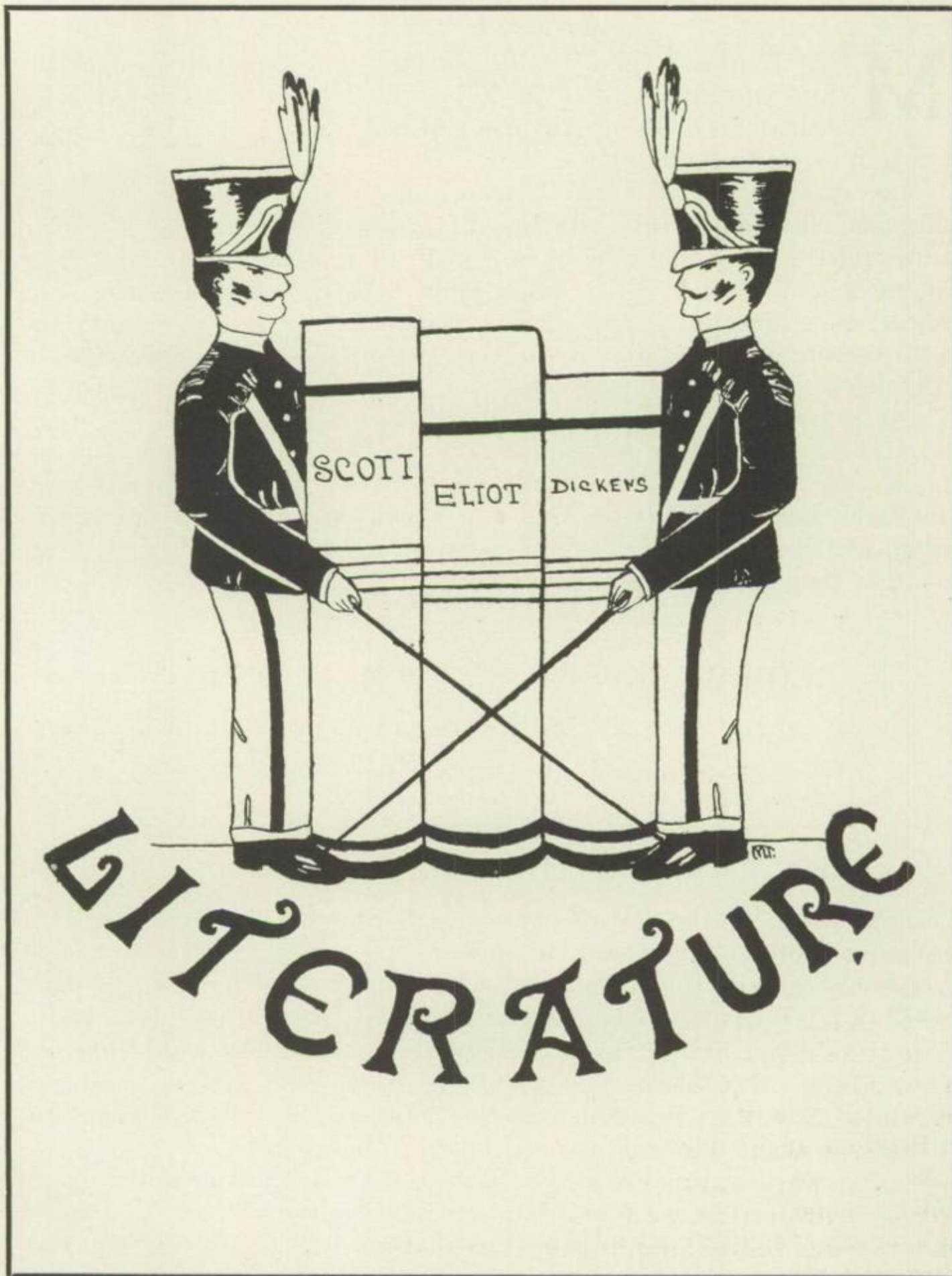
And splash into many a subject, and take up a sport or two;
They shall find—all these, our seniors—new friends, new work, and fun;

They will show, let us hope, to Low-Heywood, that it's a straight race they have run.

And we shall look on and praise 'em, and we shall not scold or blame
Those who have tried, but in trying, have not attained fame;

But each if she shows the training that she has gained here at "Low's,"
Shall prove that our old School spirit has helped her wherever she goes.

THE HALO



THE HALO

PROPHECY

“**M**ERCY, what’s this?” said I, picking up the morning paper the first day of my stay in N——. “It says here that Miss Elizabeth L. Pope, Governor of Michigan, is in town. I must run right down to see her!”

Lee was looking well and seemed quite glad to see me. The first thing she said was, “Have you heard the news? Blackie has given up professional hockey and gone to college!” I was just recovering from my amazement when the door burst open, and in rushed Annette. She greeted me exuberantly, and then turned to Lee. “You see, she’s my social secretary,” the latter explained, as Annette read off the lists of engagements they had for the day.

As it was nearly time for luncheon, we decided to dine together, and started off for the nearest restaurant. On the way Lee told me that Elinor Avery was head of the daily ration of food committee in Czechoslovakia. She writes that the spoon problem there is almost as bad as it is in America.

Just then a large sign caught my eye. It ran:

MADAME CRYSTAL’S NEW HAIR LOTION

“SPEEDY”

Guaranteed to Make Hair Grow

Overnight

We laughed as we thought of her struggle at school, and wondered if she had invented it practising on herself.

As we entered the restaurant, who should come forward to meet us but Dot Mayo! She was running the place, she told us. We always knew her skill in fixing “priv” and washing test tubes would amount to something. Dot told us that Ginny and Rowe were making good in a prominent New York law firm, and that Frances Taintor was travelling with Barnum and Bailey’s Circus, feeding the giraffes.

As we were seating ourselves, in walked a brisk young saleswoman. On closer inspection, we found it to be Eleanor Bennett. When asked what she was selling, she informed us that she had just invented a new kind of shoe to prevent ankle spraining. She told us that she thought she’d better do something of the kind, for she had sprained hers six

THE HALO

times since leaving school. She told us that Madeleine was teaching kindergarten and Sunday School in her spare moments, and that Bunny was in Haiti at the time. She thought she'd soon be returning, as her husband had been called back to New York.

I noticed at the next table a very business-like young woman who looked familiar. I looked again, and to my great surprise saw that it was Jeanne. She was reading, with a book propped up in front of her. I caught her attention, and she came over to talk to us. She said that she was writing plays, and greatly enjoyed it. She told us that Betty Ray had just come back, much broken in health, after twenty months of big game hunting in Africa. She was at present under the diligent care of Evie Howard, who had graduated from Johns Hopkins several months before. Jeanne also told us that Mary Lou Milligan was head of an elephant race track in Bombay.

Just then in walked Betty Candee. We were all very glad to see her. She, it seems, was head of an establishment for antiquated gentlewomen. She loves her work, and never intends to get married. She told us that Sue was head mistress of a select boarding school in Sewickley, and that Eleanor Kirby was teaching the dead languages there. Anne Kirby was drawing cartoons for the "Kalamazoo Gazette." At that, Betty declared that she must hurry off, for she had a sewing class for her old ladies in half an hour.

As soon as we had finished luncheon, we went out to the street, and who should bump into us but Mary Tyson. Although she was heavily laden with packages (Christmas presents for her brothers), she was hurrying along at a great pace, trying to get to her studio to get in some work on her masterpiece before dark. Mary told us that she had heard that Lou was taking extensive courses in the dead languages at Oxford, and that Sally was running the Asheville School for Boys.

Both Lee and I were much impressed by all we'd heard. We decided to end this very successful day by going to hear Cecile lecture on "What the well-dressed Woman will wear."

SALLY JACKSON, '28.
ELINOR AVERY, '28.

THE HALO

CLASS STATISTICS

Done most for the School	Lee
Most popular	Lee
Best looking	Ginny
Prettiest	Ruth
Best dressed	Cecile
Most dignified	Eleanor K.
Class baby	Lou
Class grandmother	Lee
Best disposition	Sally
Cleverest	Evie
Laziest	Lee
Quietest	Rowe
Noisiest	Mary Lou
Best athlete	Blackie
Most energetic	Bennett
Best dancer	Candee
Most pessimistic	Avery
Most optimistic	Annette
Best school spirit	Blackie
Most childish	Vinnie
Most poised	Madeleine
Most original	Cecile
Most frivolous	Vinnie
Highest ideals	Ginny
Neatest	Avery
Untidiest	Ty
Most thoughtful	Bunny
Biggest talker	Annette
Most studious	Lou
Biggest giggler	Evie
Most conscientious	Dot
Most artistic	Ty
Most likely to be married first	Candee
Most musical	Blackie
Most versatile	Evie
Most stubborn	Lee
Peppiest	Candee
Most sympathetic	Bunny
Most companionable	Sally
Most unselfish	Dot

THE HALO

Best actress	Lee
Best sport	Taintor
Most attractive	Sally
Cutest	Candee
Funniest	Sue
Most obliging	Dot
Most personality	Cecile
Best read	Jeanne
Most sarcastic	Lou
Most serious minded	Anne
Most temperamental	Lee
Favorite teacher	Miss McCurdy

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1928

WHEREAS, be it known to all concerned that this solemn document is the last will and testament of that brilliant Class of '28. Our privileges, duties, and all that we possess we hereby bequeath to our sole survivors and successors, the members of the Junior Class.

It is our just and greatest joy (possibly our only joy) to have so worthy an institution as our Alma Mater, to which, since we cannot take her with us, we do hereby leave our most highly cherished possession, Miss McCurdy.

Our remaining endowments, though poor by comparison, we do constitute, will, and appoint to be divided among our said heirs in this wise:—

To Katherine Martin, we give the privilege of upholding the traditions and honor of Low-Heywood.

To Florence Areson, we leave our dancing costumes to do with what she will.

To Carol Ware, we leave our best wishes for 1929 Hockey Team.

To Mary Nicholson, we leave the task of upholding the Glee Club.

To Doris Ransohoff, we leave pen and ink to write for the Halo.

To Mary Myers, we leave a blue ribbon for her thoughtfulness.

To Margaret Smith, we leave Mary Lou Milligan's raucous voice.

To Letitia Orr, we give, devise, and bequeath a twenty-ton truck to carry her "specials" here.

To Marion Beaver, we leave, with tears, all our dead language books.

THE HALO

To Janet Fitzmaurice, we leave the sunny smile of Sally Jackson.
To Martha Gray, we leave the blooming health of Mary Lou Colburn.

To Ina Foster, we leave a copy of "Wit and Humor."

To Marion Inglis, we give Sue's gift for repartee.

To Cornelia Howard, we bequeath Cecile's place as "Leader of the Walk."

To Anne Lincoln, we leave the phone booth empty at dinner time.

To Eleanor Eckstein, we leave a screen to keep her cracker-boxes from falling on the porch below.

To Lucy Fuller, we leave a stand for her Hockey Cup.

To Elise Foulder, we leave a horn with which to make more noise.

To Celia Howard, we bequeath Evie's reputation.

To Happy Kitchel, we leave the much-coveted parking space for her car.

To Barbara Nicoll, we give a bottle of "Wave Easy."

To Miss Roper, we leave the hopeless task of trying to develop a Senior Class as truly rare and unique as that of 1928.

To the school, we leave a red and green light to be used in the upper hall.

Hereunto we set our hand and seal this thirty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight.

RUTH CRYSTAL, '28.

BETTY CANDEE, '28.

THE HALO



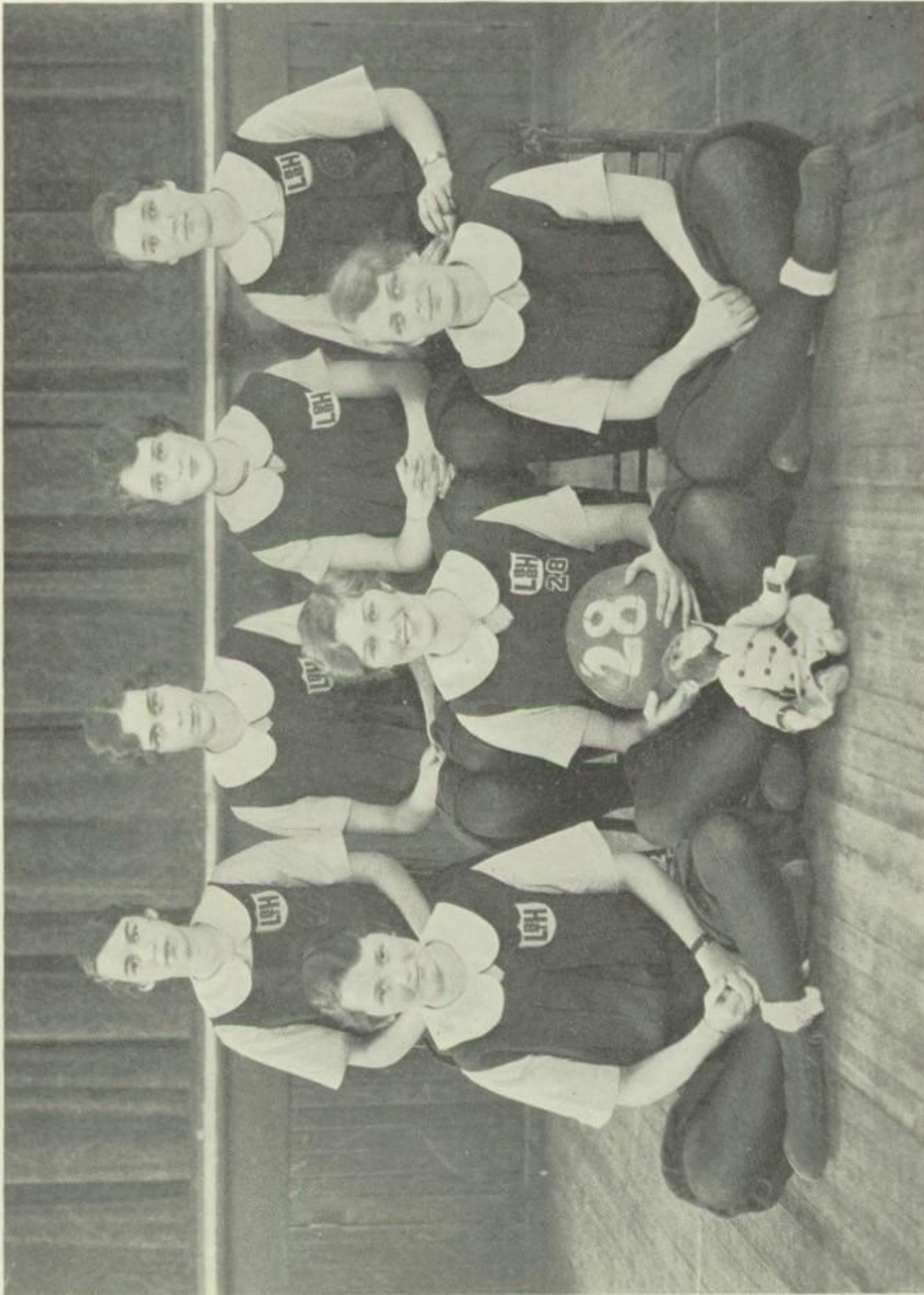
CLASS OF 1928

THE HALO



HALO BOARD

THE HALO



BASKETBALL TEAM

THE HALO



HOCKEY TEAM

THE HALO

I AM A SLAVE

A SOFT pattering of footsteps was heard as Tosca, after putting in order her small hut, took advantage of the few precious minutes that were hers during the long, lonesome day, to sit and watch the beauty of the African sunset.

She scrambled over the rocks to a large clearing in the woods—one of her favorite haunts. Here she sat, her chin cupped in her tiny brown hands, and her large flashing black eyes—her one redeeming feature—looking hungrily towards the west as she watched the quickly changing sky. Her eyes, filled with tears today, looked like two deep, dark pools—overflowing with sorrow.

“It was just a year today,” she murmured to herself—“that I was brought back to this hateful place—to remain the rest of my life—as all my people have done before—for centuries and centuries back.

“Oh, why did my brother take me away to America,” she sobbed—“when he knew I would have to come back here?” Over there she had been free in those glorious days of traveling, and had loved the noise and the pretty clothes the women wore.—And now—but her thoughts were rudely broken by her sobs.

She struggled bravely to keep the tears back, which persisted in running faster and faster down her sad, little brown face, leaving two long, dirty smudges on her cheeks. Barefooted, and with her dull brown tunic accentuating the darkness of her face, she was a pitiful sight.

Suddenly she flung her head up and looked at the sky. It seemed to be on fire—such a clear, bright color—which challenged her to gaiety again.

A smile slowly broke across her lips—as her thoughts again journeyed far away. She was a beautiful lady now, with ever and ever so many things. No ugly hut to brush and put in order, and no despised cooking to do. Now smiling at someone—now talking with friends, and best of all—gliding along in a splendid automobile, sounding like the soft purring of a cat. And, as the shadows raced across Tosca’s face, it seemed as though her thoughts were racing with them.

The soft light had grown dull, but Tosca seemed of another world. Suddenly there sounded a harsh voice, which seemed to jar the stillness of the tropics. The girl jumped quickly to her feet, taken aback, not understanding—then—

Oh, yes—she knew now. “I’m only a slave, back in my father’s African home in the jungle,” she murmured, “even my thoughts are snatched away.”

MARY MYERS, '29.

THE HALO

A LAUGH

A LAUGH is a funny thing—a cross between a cough, a sneeze, and a yawn. Like them, it is contagious; unlike them, it may be cast off or kept forever. Some people are immune, but the person who cannot catch a laugh from you, cannot catch a cold from you. It is the same principle!

A laugh is the bane of the grouch, the camouflage of a villain, the redemption of a rascal, and the trademark of a child. We should really laugh often. This matter of laughter is a serious thing. In the world the amount of grunts and brayings overwhelms the amount of laughs. These laughs and grunts are scattered about, and we meet them continually. The delightful part is that we can wade through a laugh and come out on the other side refreshed; the unpleasant part, that when we meet a grunt, we stumble over it. How much easier it is to laugh! So—

“Laugh, and the world laughs with you.”

RUTH CRYSTAL, '28.

GREEDY LITTLE BEGGARS

What greedy little beggars
We all turned out to be,
Pitching headlong—wanting more,
Why don't we ever see?

Just to be athletic;
To play the game for fun;
Thinking of *our* glory
When everything is won.

It's nothing but the wrong way
To be of help. Why learn
To *want*, to grab, to take,
And never to return?

Don't we ever realize
In school we always live—
Finding more and loving more?
Don't only take—but give!

BARBARA BLACK, '28.

THE HALO

DO DREAMS COME TRUE?

(Dingy office with two desks and two typewriters. A table in the middle of the room and a few old-fashioned pictures on the wall. A door leading into a private office, and one leading in from outside.)

CAST

MR. McDONALD Boss

MARGE First Typist

JANE Second Typist

STRANGER

MARGE: Wouldn't it be grand to be on the stage, Jane? (Walks over to window and powders nose.)

JANE: Maybe. (Absent-mindedly.) Can't see why in the world you aren't content to be a stenographer with a good job. Anyhow, you can go and see a show twice a week, now the new stock company's come to town.

MARGE: Just imagine being in a stock company, Jane! (In a far-off voice.)

JANE: I can't fancy learning a whole new part every week—and sometimes twice a week—for that matter. Nope, I can't seem to enter into the feeling of it. The next thing to no pay and a lot of hard work. Can't see it myself. (Begins to type energetically.)

MARGE: But acting isn't really work. Just a way to be artistic. Some people have all the luck. Remember what happened last year? Sally Kern got that job at the office next door to the theatre. I knew something would come of it, and didn't the boss from the theatre casually drop in one day and ask her if she'd like to join the company? He'd been watching her, and kinda thought she'd make a good actress. Fancy the luck. And if you please, she's gone to a much bigger company, and is the leading lady. If you ask me—

JANE: Say, can't you shut up? Mr. McDonald will be in here again about us doing so much talking. You may be interested in the stage business, but at present I'm interested in keeping my job and trying to get some of this afternoon's mail off to New York. (Pauses.) Now, if you were going on the stage in New York—that would be something like something, but a little stock company in a little one-horse town isn't my idea of romance. Here comes Mr. McDonald, now. Get busy.

(Marge runs to desk from window and takes her place at the other desk. Both begin to type as Mr. McDonald comes in with hat and coat in hand.)

THE HALO

MR. McDONALD: I'm going to Mr. James' office. I'll be there a half an hour. If anyone comes, tell him to wait. (Leaves, banging door.)

JANE AND MARGE: Yes, Mr. McDonald.

MARGE: (Stops typing.) Did you see the leading man?

JANE: Yeah! But suppose you weren't the leading lady? Wouldn't do you any good. Anyway, just because he's good-looking is a sure sign he's fickle. Personally, I have no faith in actors, or actresses for that matter. (Starts typing again.)

MARGE: Wouldn't it be wonderful to be the leading lady? (With a sigh and a scornful look at the typewriter.)

JANE: You know—(Pause.)—I just don't see you acting. Your looks aren't so awfully bad and maybe you could learn to dance, but you just don't seem to me to have—(With much emphasis.)—dramatic ability. Remember all the airs Sally Kern had about her.

MARGE: Well, I guess I could put on airs, too, for that matter.

(Office door, leading from outside, opens. Strange man walks briskly in and looks around.)

STRANGER: Could you tell me if Mr. McDonald is in? (Stares musingly at Jane and Marge.)

MARGE: Sorry, he's out, but will be in in a few minutes. Won't you wait?

STRANGER: Sorry, but I can't. I come from The Stock Company, to ask him if he could suggest any place for me to look for an attractive girl, to take the place of one of the cast who has broken her ankle. He is the only person in town I know.

MARGE: Oh! (Completely enthralled.)

STRANGER: One of you girls wouldn't like to try for the job? (Casually.)

JANE: Marge, I'll miss you, honey, but run along. I'll see you almost as much as usual, and if you don't like it you can always quit. Put your hat and coat on, and I'll take your other things home for you. I'll also break the news to Mr. McDonald.

(In the meantime Marge has subconsciously put on her coat and hat, and is ready to leave. She runs over and kisses Jane, then walks out with the stranger. Mr. McDonald enters.)

MR. McDONALD: Where's Marge going? Just saw her walking down the street.

JANE: (Fearfully, but coming straight to the point.) She's joined the stock company.

MR. McDONALD: Thank God! Now I won't have to fire her.

CÉCILE MALONE, '28.

THE HALO

FRIEND

Standing by your side I heard
The music of an April rain.
I listened to the silent moon,
And felt the message of the stars.
You showed me where the sun came through
The shadow—I can find it still.
The beauty of an ugly thing
I understand—you showed me how.

You've taught me how to play the game
Of life; I've learned to know the rules.
I'll follow—for you trust in me,—
And I have strength to win.

EVELYN HOWARD, '28.

GETTING UP

I BEGIN to realize who and where I am when I hear a clop, clop, clop, down the back hall stairs from the third floor, where is located Daddy's den of solitude. I then have a feeling of the bottom dropping out of everything, and a vision of the trials and tribulations ahead flash through my brain: getting into a bath; brushing my teeth with Listerine tooth paste; Dickie coming in, and my having to try to see my way to the door with soap in my eyes; Dickie wanting to "blush" his "teef"; looking round for his tooth brush, and finding Blarney chewing it to fragments; washing my neck while attempting to keep my hair dry; getting into cold clothes; combing and "pigging" my hair; eating breakfast, and last, hurrying to get off to school.

While I'm thinking this, Daddy makes his way to my door and says, "Get up, you long-legged giraffe," or "You tousle-headed bunion," according to which portion he looks at first. He then goes down to shake the furnace, while I'm in dread lest each shake should be the last. Finally, I hear him on the first flight of stairs, and I fly to the bathtub faucet and begin the dreadful period before getting off to school.

NANCY CUNNINGHAM, '32.

THE HALO

THE CRESCENT MOON

IT HUNG in the sky, a filmy wisp of loveliness, as though the cooks up in Heaven had been making ambrosian cookies out of silver star dust and ocean foam, and one little edge, slipping from their cooking board, had dropped down into the sky. There, in the profundity of blue it floated, awakening memories of softnesses—dreamy and languid softnesses. Memories smelling faintly of pine woods, recalling the rhythmic ripple of cool water at night; the smooth gliding of a canoe—sliding silently through wet rushes and water lilies; plaintive music growing fainter, fainter,—ever fainter

DORIS RANSOHOFF, '29.

"I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD"

Sun-bright skies of blue-grey hue—
Wisps of whiteness, sailing clouds,
Trees with bits of green, quite new,
Gently bending, never bowed.
Ruffled grass—sparkling dew,
Sun-kissed waters, vivid blue,
Capped with white, glinting gold.
Is Spring never, never old?

Houses white—so whitely gleam,
Islands in a sea of green.
Children laugh and sing and play;
Grown-ups smile, as on their way
They go, so soft of step, not to destroy
This spirit—Spring—in all its joy.

LEE POPE, '28.

THE HALO

THOUGHTS OF AN AIREDALE PUPPY

NOBODY loves me, and everybody thinks I'm a nuisance. I don't see how Mistress can blame me for knocking her funny little table in the living room. I didn't mean to, but how was I going to reach that ball if I didn't go under the crazy thing? But, O, boy, what a crash it made!

Master's mad at me, too, just because I got a little dirt on those white knickers of his when I tried to make him play. I even brought back the stick to him, but that made matters worse.

Even Cook doesn't like me since I pretended that the package of meat, which the grocery boy left on our back porch, was that cock-eyed, snub nosed Pekinese "Belinda" that lives next door.

That reminds me—I will go over and have a little chat with her. Pekinese dogs are mighty funny looking, and great fun to tease.—Well, if there isn't one of those moles tearing up the lawn which the Master was talking about the other day! He told the gardener to set out a trap, but now he won't have to. I'll just dig it up for him. Jumping grasshoppers! I thought I had him that time! He sure can go fast, and yet they say that he hasn't any eyes.

Oh, boy! Here comes the Master. Maybe he would like me to go for a walk with him. He has a stick. Things don't look so good. Guess I had better beat it over to Belinda's back porch.

I know of a hole just big enough for me. Just in time! What a close shave! And look at all the beetles to play with. I suppose I shall have to amuse myself with them until I think it's safe to go home. Oh, hello, Belinda. Let's have a nice confab.

ROWE GREENWOOD, '28.

MY CAT WAKES UP

HE SEEMS to be sleeping soundly, and yet, when I, who am reading in a big chair, turn a page, his tail twitches almost imperceptibly. Slowly he opens his eyes, stretches himself luxuriously, and after gazing at me for a few seconds with a mildly annoyed expression, gives a huge yawn. With the utmost grace and dignity he gets up and stalks off—"monarch of all he surveys."

OLIVE HUNT, '31.

THE HALO

REINCARNATIONS OF '28

Lee	<i>Jar of cold cream</i>
Blackie	<i>Hockey score book</i>
Lou	<i>Japanese fan</i>
Sally	<i>Four-leaf clover</i>
Annette	<i>Bubble</i>
Mary Lou	<i>Jack-in-the-Box</i>
Evie	<i>Latin Dictionary</i>
Frances	<i>Hairpin</i>
Rowe	<i>Sheet of Music</i>
Bunny	<i>Anchor</i>
Candee	<i>Jazz band</i>
Ruth	<i>Jacket for "Har"</i>
Cécile	<i>Fashion plate</i>
Elinor A.	<i>Spoon</i>
Vinnie	<i>Frat pin</i>
Ty	<i>Paint brush</i>
Ginny	<i>Piece of cake</i>
Bennett	<i>Crimson banner</i>
Dot	<i>Test tube</i>
Madeleine	<i>Stick of gum</i>
Eleanor K.	<i>Victrola record</i>
Anne	<i>Horse shoe</i>
Jeanne	<i>Book</i>
Sue	<i>Teddy bear</i>
Betty R.	<i>Curling iron</i>

EVELYN HOWARD, '28.
FRANCES TAINOR, '28.

THE HALO

"IN THE SPRING TIME"

NORA had a new dress—flowered chiffon with floating panels in back, and a large, drooping bow in front. She stood in front of the long mirror, twisting and turning so as to set the fluffy skirt swirling softly about her.

She had bought it on her day out last week. The shop had been about to close at five o'clock, and Nora had already tried on all the dresses of every style and color in vain. Suddenly she caught sight of this one, which had slipped from its nook into a quiet pool of color on the floor. Of course it fitted her perfectly. Nora was cozily plump, with curly black hair, big blue eyes, and a very sweet tooth (which has nothing to do with the matter, except that her "missus" had to hide the candy under a pile of old sweaters, as Nora didn't believe in strengthening her character by resisting temptation).

No one ever heard of getting a new dress without a hat to match or, for that matter, without shoes, too. Nora's shoes were remarkably pretty ones—stiff and shiny, with round toes and high heels. They were so pretty, in fact, that Nora didn't mind the fact that after she wore them, she had to spend the next day in bedroom slippers to ease the pain they had caused. For what would you expect, if you get size three shoes when you should have four and a half?

As I have already said, Nora succumbed readily to temptation. Very foolishly she had spent her last dollars on a splendid new coat lined with tan silk, and adorned with an absurd little bow in back, whose ends danced merrily in the breeze. Of course it was beautiful, and not very expensive either. But last year's coat, from its insignificant hook in the remotest corner of the closet, upbraided her constantly for her infidelity and extravagance.

You have probably guessed already that there must have been some reason for the emptying of Nora's purse. Well, you are quite right. There were two excellent reasons—one was May-Day, and one was John.

Every May-Day for the past three years, Nora had become re-engaged to John. You see, she was still very young, and did not want to tie herself up yet,—even to as nice a young man as John. He really *was* nice, although he did make Nora forget all about washing the dishes and turning down the beds when he came on Thursday evenings. For what do such trivialities mean to lovers?

* * * * *

It was a warm, sunny morning, and as Nora lovingly laid her dress on the bed, and ran her fingers through its soft folds, she thought of

THE HALO

the day of the Soap Factory's picnic, when she had first met John. She and Aggie had gone together with their lunch of sandwiches and cake, wrapped neatly in a sheet of wax paper. They were sitting under a tree, feeling rather lonely and "out of it," when a young man suddenly appeared before them, and, with a prepossessing smile, invited himself to join them. Nora fell promptly in love.

As they had rested on the cool grass, sipping the sickly sweet lemonade and crunching ham sandwiches, she had been aware of the beauty of the sun, the trees, the sky, and the flat, green meadow. All nature seemed so alive and filled with a happy holiday spirit, soothing to her tense nerves. The newcomer, too, had caused her to forget her usual self-consciousness, with his easy, friendly ways. That had been the beginning—three years ago. Now he would soon come to call for her, perhaps with a bunch of pansies, that brought out the glossy black of her hair, and the blue of her eyes.

The ringing of the back-door bell cut short her reminiscences. Quickly she slipped on her dress and met her lover at the door.

They boarded a bus bound for the country, and climbed up the perilously narrow, spiral steps to the top, where they were soon settled in the front bench. The massive, perspiring laborer opposite was clearly above such emotions as love. The prim old maid in black taffeta and feathers wore a permanently shocked and indignant face—she thought their conduct preposterous! Smothered snickers issued from the girls on the back seat. The conductor, as he took their fares, remarked with a sly wink of his eye, "You're a real nice gal, missy, and if you don't get a husband this year, you'll get one next!" John squeezed her arm ever so slightly, and the girls on the back seat giggled audibly.

DORIS RANSOHOFF, '29.

WAITING

HOW long now had she been waiting for him? The time seemed endless. Would he never, never, come? Here she was, alone, waiting—watching for him. Her large brown eyes glanced furtively here—there. Where was he? Many others were also waiting for him. Would he pass her by, without even a hopeful glance, and choose some other? No, he must not!

Here he came at last. How tall! How handsome! He walked towards her, whispering softly in her ear, "Are you alone?"

With beating heart she answered, "Yes." Ah, she had won. At last! He had picked her out of the waiting throng, and rewarded her with the last seat in the restaurant.

FRANCES TAINTOR, '28.

THE HALO

SPANISH EXHIBITION AT THE METROPOLITAN

FREQUENTLY when you go to an exhibition of paintings, Spanish or otherwise, you get so confused by the number of canvases that your memory becomes a perfect blank; it is impossible to remember whether you saw "The Horse Fair" by Bonheur, or "The Mona Lisa" by Leonardo. Not so, however, with the Spanish exhibit we visited at the Metropolitan. There were sixty-seven pictures in all, dating from El Greco to Goya.

Among this priceless collection there was one picture that attracted me more than the rest. In fact, when I first saw it, I was rather stunned, so real and pathetic it seemed. This was "The Repentant Peter" by El Greco. It is a most beautiful painting. Not extremely large, and perhaps not very famous, but pleading and humble.

Peter is dressed in a cold green and yellow robe. His attitude is one of tremendous repentance. His eyes are cast heavenward in a pleading manner, beseeching Jesus to forgive him. Even his hands, clasped in devotion, signify pardon and a blessing. The eyes, however, are the medium by which your attention is drawn and held. Tearful eyes, loving eyes, eyes that failed their master only once, and are to repent for it all the rest of their days.

It seems to me that El Greco must have once seen a man begging for repentance, so wonderful is this masterpiece. It is a hopeless man, yet a hopeful one—pleading with the Almighty. Peter—they called him, "Fisher of men."

JEANNE KANN, '28.

SOLITUDE

Alone, I walked upon the sand—
A fragile shell within my hand.
Alone, I gazed at the blue sea,
Then came a rush of memory.

With spirit bent and broken well,
How much I now was like that shell!
In vain, I brushed the tears away,
They would not go—they must not stay.

Weak and delicate like the shell,
Down on my knees with sobs, I fell;
Solitude is a dreadful thing,
Though one be peasant, or one be king.

MARIE FORD, '29.

THE HALO

ELEGY

Winter is dead, and nobody mourns her,—
Still is her freezing breath;
Everyone dreads her, everyone scorns her,—
Nobody weeps at her death.

But Winter was friendly, and wanted to warm us.
She sent us a blanket of snow;
Poor Winter, all she could do was to storm us—
And that's what hurt her so!

Winter is dead, and the birds are singing;
The world has rejoiced at the birth
Of Spring, who is coming, of Spring who is bringing
Warmth and joy to the earth.

But Winter's life was sad from the start—
And sad to the end—poor thing!
Winter died of a broken heart,
The day that we greeted Spring.

SHIRLEY GODWIN, '30.

CAP'N BILL

CAP'N BILL was a hoary old "feller." He had a lean, brown face with a long red nose and piercing blue eyes. His salty gray beard was as sharp and bristly as the quills of a porcupine, and his thin, pale mouth was 'most as wide as his lined face. He had but two companions. One was a small black and white terrier with hair almost as bristly as his master's beard; and the other was a pipe—a long-stemmed pipe, much the worse for the hard wear it received. The Cap'n had had that pipe since he was a boy, and 'tis true he was far from that now, having sailed the seas for all of sixty years! He seldom sailed nowadays as he was badly crippled by the "rhumatiz." Then too, the "Julie" had been at the bottom of the bay these past twelve years.

Nevertheless, the Cap'n was much sought-after in his town. His fables were far superior to those told by the younger seamen! Moreover, he had more curios in his small abode than any of his confederates,—curios that had been brought from the Orient by his father and grandfather before him; priceless Indian shawls, and little sandalwood boxes. Not a day passed but the Cap'n examined each of his treasures,

THE HALO

oh, so carefully, dusted them, and returned them to their places. Sometimes he would sit for hours at a time before the blue-green flames of his fire,—smoking his pipe and dreaming of the days of his youth. Occasionally he would lean down to pat the head of his little terrier who lay before him on the hearth.

Often Cap'n Bill would climb a rickety little ladder that led to the little square cupola on the roof, and "view the weather." Sometimes, too, he would sit out on the front "stoop," visiting with the friendly passers-by who stopped to question him. But this was not often, for the dampness of the salt air made his legs ache painfully, and he would be forced to spend the following days in bed.

He was a fine old man, with a manner that was at once kindly and stern. In his youth the Cap'n had caused many a feminine heart to beat faster at his presence, and now he was the favorite of the children. They flocked about him, anxious to hear his thrilling stories of the sea,—of the gales in which the "Julie" had floundered about, with more than one narrow escape, until at last she had become waterlogged and sunk. Each time he told a tale it became a bit more thrilling than when previously related, until the story of the "Julie" in the squall became the struggle of the "Julie" in a great nor'wester. But still Cap'n Bill's young followers flocked to him, and his stories were a never-ending antidote for thwarted ambitions and runaway attempts to sail—pirates on the high-seas!

ANNETTE S. PHILLIPS, '28.

DEAR LITTLE—SWEET LITTLE YOU

"Please tell me—what makes the sky so blue?"

(Dear little—sweet little you—)

"Does God paint it with crayons like mine,

And scrub it all night 'till it shines?

P'haps he just tries to see through!"

(Dear little—sweet little you—)

"When I'm really quite old, and don't have to
take naps—

(Quaint little—thoughtful chap—)

I'll build us a boat that'll sail through the sky,

And touch it, and see, or else, ask God why—

The sky is so bluishly blue."

(Dear little—sweet little you—)

KITTY MARTIN, '29.

THE HALO

THE WIND

The wind! the wind! she whirls and screams
Like some wild creature in a dance—
Then pauses, quivers, mutters something—
Like a gypsy in a trance.

The wind! the wind! a devil thing
With dusky, flying hair,
With dress of mist and shawl of mist,
No thicker than the air.

She whirls around—again, again,
And claps her wide-flung hands
Like distant cymbals,—till she falls
Exhausted on the sands.

MARY ROBY KING, '31.

SANDRA'S HAPPINESS

SANDRA WRIGHT had spent the last six of her twenty-two years in a futile pursuit of happiness. All her friends thought her the luckiest girl in America. Sandra knew that she ought to be, but she wasn't.

One night during the Christmas season of 1924, an utterly devastating débutante made her bow to New York society. It was not her golden hair, shaped to her head in a perfect Antoinette wave, nor even her lovely, delicate features, which caused so much comment among both the older and younger people. It was her eyes. Beautiful they were—of so deep a blue that they looked purple. And they seemed to sparkle with joy and excitement.

As Sandra passed the stag line, a young man looked at her intently. Then a curious expression crossed his face. He made his way across the room to her. "May I cut?" Wayne Sidney led her gracefully into the intricate steps of the tango. "Miss Wright, I know you don't remember me, but we met two years ago in New Haven, and—"

"I do remember you, I do!" Sandra interrupted. "And you told me I wasn't happy. It was my first prom and I thought, until it was over, that nothing could be more wonderful. But at the end I knew I hadn't enjoyed it as I should have."

THE HALO

At this prolonged outburst, her partner did not show the astonishment which Sandra expected. He said simply, "You aren't happy now, either."

Although Sandra heartily denied this statement, she knew in her heart that Wayne was right. Her whole life had been a series of disappointments. As a little child a much longed-for doll had been given to her by a fond uncle. However, as soon as she possessed it, the doll's hair seemed less soft and curly, and she found a little flaw in its cheek. In the same way a trip to Europe was a complete failure. She had been taken from school, to the intense envy of her companions, for the voyage with her mother and aunt. She left, a school-girl, with her curly hair hanging in ringlets to her shoulders. When she returned, two years later, her hair was closely shingled and waved. Her clear skin bore traces of rouge, and her mouth, of lip-stick.

It was just after this trip that she met Wayne, who was a student at Yale. Now she was meeting him again at her own coming-out party. And for the second time his words, "You aren't happy," made a deep impression.

During the years succeeding her début, Sandra was constantly seeking new entertainment. She went from man to man, being loved, but never loving. She achieved the reputation of being impossible to secure, cold, distant. This only made her more desirable. The name of Sandra Wright became well-known at night-clubs, and even at certain exclusive "speak-easies."

* * * * *

"Miss Sandra, Mr. Sidney is in the library," announced a neat maid.

"Tell him I'll be down in a jiffy, Marie." She drew a white velvet wrap over her evening dress. As she looked into the long, oval mirror, she sighed deeply. Wayne had asked her to marry him just that afternoon. Tonight she had to tell him that she couldn't do it. She dreaded the ordeal, for Sandra couldn't bear to hurt anyone's feelings, and she realized that Wayne loved her deeply.

"Sandra, you darling!" Wayne whispered, taking her hands, and drawing her to him. She held back and withdrew her hands, laughing in a forced manner.

"Where are we going? Let's leave right away."

"Come then," replied Wayne, hurt, "I have a surprise."

Sandra showed little interest. His surprise was probably some new club; they were all alike anyway. She talked gaily about trivial matters, not noticing where the taxi was going. The driver stopped at Ninth Street. "Here you are, Sir."

THE HALO

Wayne led her through a gloomy building, and out onto a long dock. She turned to him. "Wayne, are we going in a boat? What fun! Why, I'm really excited!" The craft was a small motor boat, with a very powerful engine. Wayne and Sandra were the only occupants, excepting the chauffeur.

The moon this June night was not pale and cold. It was on fire—a great globe of glowing red. The sky, in sharp contrast, was a deep, dark blue. Not a star broke its smooth depths, for the night was still young.

Sandra took a cigarette from her bag. After she had lighted it, she playfully held the lighter up to Wayne's face for him to blow it out. She stopped suddenly as she perceived that his eyes were strained, and his face almost haggard.

"Wayne, Wayne, what is the matter? You're not ill?"

"No, I'm not sick. Would that it were only that! I've brought you out here because it will be my last night with you." He paused, fighting for control of his voice.

"But I don't understand." Sandra's pride was hurt, now, although a little while ago she had had no desire to see him again.

"I want to tell you frankly what has happened," continued Wayne, again in control of himself. "My father has just found today that he is penniless, and that my money also is completely dissipated. The business has not been successful for the last year, and he never told me. Of course you can't marry me now. We should have to begin at the very bottom." Wayne said this last sentence with a rising inflection, as if he thought that by some miracle of miracles she would deny it.

"No, you are right, I can't. I—I guess I don't know how to be a poor—I mean, not a wealthy man's wife."

No, Wayne couldn't picture Sandra without her gorgeous clothes, expensive perfume, and her maid. Even his great love couldn't make up for these things to her.

They sat in complete silence on the way back to the pier. The putt-putt of the engine and the occasional hiss of a burning cigarette stub as it touched the water were the only nearby sounds.

When they had docked, Wayne hailed a cab and helped Sandra into it. He sat at almost the opposite end of the seat. At her apartment he took her to the door, and said good-night, casually, it seemed to Sandra. She didn't even know that there were tears in his eyes as he walked down the street towards his own apartment, not far distant.

Sandra dragged her feet up the one flight of stairs to her bedroom. She dropped her wrap on the floor, and threw herself upon the bed. She lay there—not crying—thinking. Even in her selfishness she realized how deeply Wayne loved her. Out of this maze of conflicting

THE HALO

emotions, one idea became clear. She would marry Wayne. In all her life Sandra had never done a single self-sacrificing deed.

Suddenly a wave of joy swept her whole being.

"Why," she said softly, not even knowing that she spoke; and then, incredulously, "I'm happy. I believe,—I *know*—I love him!"

MARY LOUISE MILLIGAN, '28.

FLORIDA

We lay upon the baking sands all day,
A shining coat of tan we aimed to get;
A hundred times we dipped into the wet,
And very often roused to merry play.
But bright upon us shone the sun that day,—
So bright we shudder at the memory yet;
Instead of lustrous, glossy brown, we met
With flaming red, whose aching to allay
We tried our best with every salve and cream,
With every balm and lotion—all in vain!
Not even that world-famous "Unguentine"
Sufficed to take away the throbbing pain.
This poem has a moral—or a theme—
Don't ever try a sunburn to attain.

FLORENCE ARESOON, '29.

THE HALO

IF WE COULD LIST THE SENIORS AS MAGAZINES

Lee	<i>"Year-Book"</i>
Blackie	<i>"Sportswoman"</i>
Ruth	<i>"Red Book"</i>
Betty C.	<i>"Film Fun"</i>
Lou C.	<i>"Punch"</i>
Jeanne	<i>"Harper's Bazar"</i>
Sue	<i>"College Humor"</i>
Bunny	<i>"Judge"</i>
Cecile	<i>"Vogue"</i>
Sally	<i>"Golden Book"</i>
Elinor Avery ..	<i>"Saturday Evening Post"</i>
Bennett	<i>"Harvard Lampoon"</i>
Anne Kirby	<i>"Literary Digest"</i>
Ty	<i>"Arts and Decoration"</i>
Eleanor Kirby ..	<i>"The Delineator"</i>
Vinnie	<i>"Bringing up Father"</i>
Evie	<i>"Scribner's"</i>
Annette	<i>"Life"</i>
Mary Lou M.	<i>"John Martin's"</i>
Ginny	<i>"Time"</i>
Betty R.	<i>"American"</i>
Madeleine	<i>"Cosmopolitan"</i>
Frances	<i>"Outlook"</i>
Rowe	<i>"Collier's"</i>
Dot	<i>"Woman's Home Companion"</i>

KITTY MARTIN, '29.

THE HALO

DIARY OF A LOW-HEYWOOD GIRL

Monday, Feb. 27. Some of us went to Greenwich to hear a concert given by the French composer, Maurice Ravel, in the High School Building. We went in a big bus and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Thursday, March 1. Those of us who knew Miss Durham from last year were very glad to welcome her this afternoon. She is coming every Thursday for a while to lecture to us upon "Manners." A copy of her book will be given each girl. She is most interesting and charming, and I am sure the new girls already like her as well as we old ones do.

Saturday, March 3. Wykeham Rise Game. The team went up there by motor. We won. At night there was a Popular Song Party. The prize was won by Betty Collins, Eleanor Eckstein, and Mary Isom. They represented Barney Google and Sparky.

Wednesday, March 7. Our second game with Rosemary was played here today. It was a thrilling fight, and we won, 28—20.

Saturday, March 10. Glen Eden game over here. We won 68—8. Tonight Miss Wright came to talk to us about the History of Music. She will come again several times. Her lecture was very interesting.

Monday, March 12. Miss Darrin came tonight to talk about current events. As usual she was most enjoyable.

Thursday, March 15. Greenwich Academy game here. It was quite exciting and we won 36—24.

Saturday, March 17. The Junior Party! The gym was cleverly decorated as a Show Boat and all the Juniors wore costumes of that period. The whole idea was exceedingly well carried out. During the course of the evening "Florrie" gave a lovely dance, and "Nicky" a charming little act in which she sang "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man O' Mine." To cap the climax, we had very delicious refreshments and a marvelous orchestra. Kitty and her Juniors certainly gave us a picturesque and delightful evening—one we shall not forget.

Sunday, March 18. There was a Recital this afternoon. The music pupils seem to be making rapid progress.

Monday, March 19. Miss Hoogs took her History of Art class to New York to the Metropolitan this afternoon. Everyone agreed that it was a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

Thursday, March 22. Faculty-Alumnae basketball game. We won. Blacks beat the Blues in a very exciting game, too. It seemed queer to be playing against our old stars—Gertrude and Emily Hatch, Haideen Henderson, Natalie Backhouse, and Marion Neilson.

Friday, March 23. All this week the class basketball games have

THE HALO

been going on. The Juniors finally won the cup after many hard-fought battles.

Today we left for home! Much excitement and bustle around school this morning.

Sunday, April 1. The Boarders returned today. School starts tomorrow!

Tuesday, April 3. Quite a few of us went down to the Stamford Theatre this afternoon to see "The King of Kings." It is a wonderful picture, and we were all glad of an opportunity to see it.

Friday, April 6. As today is Good Friday we had no classes, but went to church at twelve. After church there was a tea in the Brown Cottage.

Saturday, April 7. Miss Wright came again tonight. Her talk was very interesting—about the great musical composers.

Sunday, April 8. Easter Sunday! Many in our midst celebrated by going to the Infirmary. Some kind of disease seems to have hit us which is carrying us off one by one. However, as the disease isn't very serious we have high hopes of our unfortunate friends soon being out of the sick room.

Miss Waldo returned after an absence of a number of weeks on account of illness. This event cheers us in spite of Infirmary woes.

Friday, April 20. This afternoon we all went to a play, "Fashion," given by the Junior League at the Strand Theatre. As Natalie Backhouse played one of the leading roles, we who knew her were very much interested. The whole play was very amusing and enjoyable.

Saturday, April 21. English VI and VII presented three very interesting one-act plays tonight.

The program opened with a farce by Christopher Morley, "The Rehearsal," which contained an excellent cast—all stars. The characters were played by Sally, Cecile, Ruth, Betty, Elinor Avery, and Frances Taintor.

Then followed, "A Fan and Two Candlesticks," a delightful old-fashioned comedy. Annette is certainly a born coquette! She was aided by two young gallants, as portrayed by Evie and Eleanor Kirby.

As a third number, we were given "The Rising of the Moon,"—an Irish play by Lady Gregory, during which an atmosphere of tenseness pervaded the Gym. The stage was dark—with a ghostly blue moonlight. Lee as a Sergeant, and Bennett, "a poor ballad singer," played their leading roles splendidly. Jeanne and Ann Kirby were excellent also as the two policemen.

Miss Hoogs well deserved the flowers that were presented her by the casts. We know that it's not easy to put on three plays as good as these, at such short notice.

THE HALO



THE HALO

"THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY"

By THORNTON WILDER

THE old woven bridge of San Luis Rey broke one day, casting five persons into the deep ravine below. As Brother Juniper, a Franciscan monk, liked to unravel problems and incidents, he set down specific facts concerning all five persons and why, in his mind, he thought they had been doomed to die. Mr. Wilder has dealt with this mysterious incident in a book consisting of three short stories, a prologue, and an epilogue.

The first story tells of the old Marquesa de Montemayor and her little orphan companion, Pepita. The second story concerns Esteban, a twin; and the third story, Uncle Pio, and a boy named Jaime, the son of the beautiful Camila. These five characters all perish when the bridge gives way.

The book is a classic, in a sense. The descriptions are vivid, and the characters appealing. The last few phrases, spoken by the old Abbess, express Mr. Wilder's philosophy of life, I think. "Soon we shall die and all the memory of those five will have left the earth, and we ourselves shall be loved for a while and forgotten; all those impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary for love. There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

JEANNE KANN, '28.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" is Mr. Ziegfeld's fourth great musical show, and in my opinion, his best. Of course the critics say it is too long, but it is gloriously so.

The ever-young Dennis King, as D'Artagnan, is fascinating. A bit of the old Pan whistles through his veins, showing itself in his every movement and inflection of his voice. He is surrounded by a particularly able cast, beautiful scenery, indescribably lovely costumes, and splendid music.

Yvonne D'Arte, of operatic fame, contributes most generously to the performance, while a group of Albertina Rasch girls simply outdo themselves in presenting to the public forms of graceful and perfected dancing.

Best of all, it holds closely to Dumas' thrilling novel, reëncanting you with the full glory of bygone days.

KITTY MARTIN, '29.

THE HALO

"BLACK MAJESTY"

By JOHN VANDERCOOK

"BLACK MAJESTY" is a most stirring historical romance concerning the small island of Haiti. During the reign of Napoleon I, these black men revolted under Toussaint L'Ouverture and established their own black monarchy. All this happened in 1804. Dessolines, formerly a negro coachman, was crowned emperor of Haiti, as Jean Jacques le Premier. So the history of this island empire began. It lasted through the reign of Christophe I, about 1821.

The story dwells mostly with the works of Christophe I—a miraculous man. In education he had nothing to offer. He could write only two words—his name, Henry Christophe. But in power,—that was different. From an almost savage island he built up a great and wealthy kingdom. Schools, churches, and commerce flourished. His court, most fastidious in their habits, were reprimanded for not dressing according to Christophe's law.

Mr. Vandercook writes this book in a free and easy style, with few dates, and certainly gives a vivid picture of the kingdom. The illustrations by Mallon Blaine make the book a treasure. They resemble wood cuts in weird colors.

J. K., '28.

"MEAT"

By WILLIAM DANIEL STEELE

THE description of the India family, before the birth of Rex, is perfectly charming. Their life is so natural, the characters of Sam and Anne India so real, that the contrast with their later life is strongly brought out. Rex is a very abnormal child, for whom his mother sacrifices her own happiness and that of her family, in a desperate effort to make him like other children. Small Fern and Flagg India try hard to help Rex, not fully understanding his condition, but Anne repels them, making them feel neglected and unwanted. Sam struggles against this influence, but is overwhelmed by Anne's stronger nature. Finally in despair Fern and Flagg run away, their illusions shattered, and their souls turned bitter. At Rex's death Sam brings them home again.

"Meat" is forcefully written, and contains most vivid descriptions. It made a deep impression on me as I read it, one which has increased the more I have thought about it. It is a novel of power which I thoroughly recommend to anyone.

MARY LOUISE COLBURN, '28.

THE HALO

"PORGY"

By DOROTHY AND DUBOIS HEYWARD

FOUR times have I written this review and four times have I torn it into despairing shreds. If I could review this play as it should be done, I might be famous overnight. The Theatre Guild should honestly get a Croix de Guerre and a Congressional medal combined for producing this extraordinary drama.

Frank Wilson as "Porgy" and Evelyn Ellis as "Crown's Bess" are a credit to their race. Their acting is clear and precise, very realistic, and no unnecessary movements creep in. The mob scenes are most exhilarating. This effect is given by an intricate scheme on the part of the Armenian producer, Mr. Mamoulion.

The plot centers about the cripple, "Porgy," who lives in Catfish Row, Charleston, South Carolina. Porgy falls in love with "Crown's Bess," and then the excitement begins. You are not a spectator but a participant in this drama, and when the curtain falls you feel that you have actually spent a day in the turbulent and clamorous world of Catfish Row.

J. K., '28.

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRAY

ANYONE who is sincerely fond of Katherine Mansfield's short stories will certainly appreciate her Journal. It is compiled by her husband, John Middleton Murray, who is himself a well-known literary figure in England. This book contains the entire diary of Katherine Mansfield, some of her ideas of life and work, and plot skeletons. It begins in 1914, and ends in 1922, the year of her death.

As the Journal shows, she was "called" to write short stories, just after her brother, "Chummie," died in the war, and again through her long and serious illness. Continually days will be recorded in such a manner: "January . . . It is a bright winking day. O, God, let me work! Wasted! Wasted!" Another time in December such a statement appears: "I am all right, sky-high. And even in my brain, in my head, I think and act and write wonders—wonders; but the moment I really try to put them down I fail miserably."

It seems tragic that a woman so full of ideas and initiative should have to die before her mission was fulfilled. The Journal has exquisite fragments of description and ideas, which all help you to know Katherine Mansfield.

THE HALO

When, three months before this writer's death, it was certain that she could not recover, she composed a beautiful letter—a farewell to her husband. This letter has a most contented and satisfying end. Referring to the thought of parting, she writes: “But now that I’ve wrestled with it, it’s no longer so. I feel happy—deep down. All is well.”

With these words Katherine Mansfield's *Journal* comes to a fitting close. Thence forward the conviction, “All's well” never left her.

J. K., '28.



THE HALO

ALUMNAE NOTES

Jeannette Wilcox, Polly Callender, Mary Davis, and Natalie Backhouse, '27, and Katherine Neilson have been here to see us lately.

Isabel Pitt went up in an airplane with Lindbergh a little while ago, while visiting in Washington.

Gertrude Ingersoll has recently returned from a Mediterranean cruise.

Natalie Backhouse, '27, played the leading role in "Fashion," given by the Junior League of Stamford, on April 19th and 20th.

A poem by Katherine Neilson, entitled "Advice," appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature, of April 7, 1928. This lyric, entered in an interesting contest in the "Review," received special mention in this issue of the magazine.

Betty Hunter, '27, has been elected secretary of the Freshman Class at Trinity College.

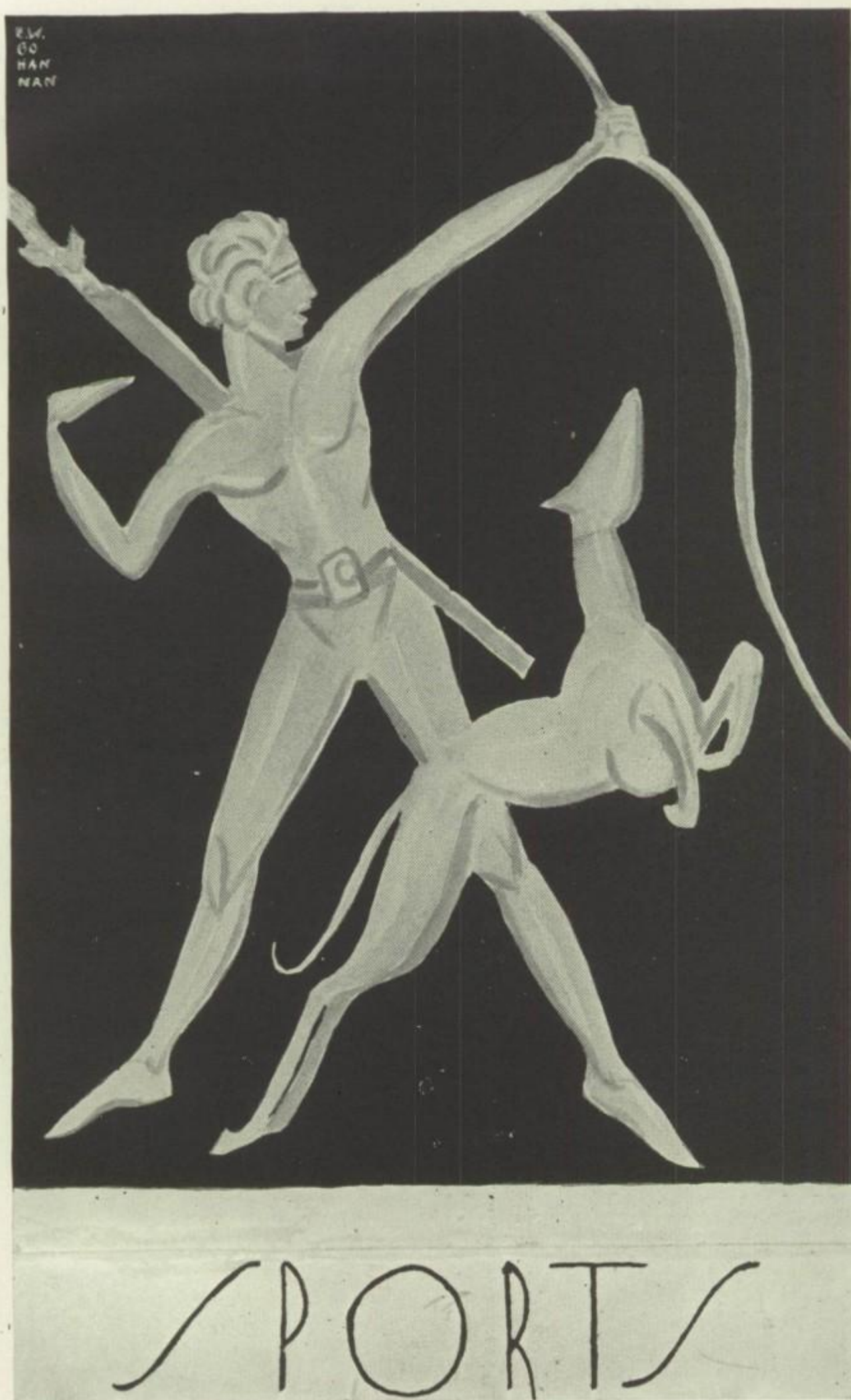
Betty and Marie Lynah, '23 and '25, are on a round-the-world cruise with their mother.

Mabel Taintor, '27, is secretary of the Darien Guild of the Seven Arts.

We were very glad to see Jean Ware Hoyt, '24, Frances Allen, '26, Eleanor Fox, '26, and Helen Beaver, '24, at the Senior Party.

Jean Ware Hoyt has recently returned from a trip to Sweden with her husband.

THE HALO



HOCKEY

The hockey season opened this year with but few girls of last year's team on deck. However, Miss Eyster and Miss Campbell soon worked new members up and gave us a good squad, with "Blackie" as captain.

The schedule was as follows:

Game	Date	Played	Score	
			They	We
Stamford High	Oct. 24	here	0	21
Fairchester	Oct. 26	here	4	5
Alumnae	Oct. 29	here	1	7
Hillside	Oct. 31	here	0	6
Greenwich Academy	Nov. 10	there	0	2
Ethel Walker	Nov. 12	here	5	1
Rosemary	Nov. 16	here	2	1
Mrs. Day's	Nov. 18	there	0	2
Hillside	Nov. 19	here	3	5
Greenwich Academy	Nov. 29	here	2	7

The girls who received their letters were:

<i>L. W.</i>	LUCY FULLER, '29
<i>L. I.</i>	MARY KLEINERT, '32
<i>C. F.</i>	KATHERINE WILDER, '31
<i>R. I.</i>	KATHERINE MARTIN, '29
<i>R. W.</i>	ELVIRA SIMMONS, '30
<i>R. F.</i>	VIRGINIA MAYO, '28
<i>L. F.</i>	CAROL WARE, '29
<i>R. H.</i>	EVELYN HOWARD, '28
<i>C. H.</i>	(Capt.) BARBARA BLACK, '28
<i>L. H.</i>	DORIS RANSOHOFF, '29
<i>Goal</i>	LEE POPE, '28

THE HALO BASKETBALL

Basketball again, with Miss Eyster and Ruth Crystal spreading enthusiasm. It was a long and very exciting season, which ended with the gayest of gay team tables, where the following girls were awarded their letters:

<i>L. G.</i>	(Capt.) RUTH CRYSTAL, '28
<i>R. G.</i>	VIRGINIA MAYO, '28
<i>C.</i>	FRANCES TAINTOR, '28
<i>C.</i>	LAVINIA BEECROFT, '28
<i>S. C.</i>	BARBARA BLACK, '28
<i>R. F.</i>	CAROL WARE, '29
<i>L. F.</i>	KATHERINE MARTIN, '29

We shall miss the Seniors on the team very much next year.

The schedule of the games was:

Game	Date	Played	Score	
			They	We
Greenwich High School	Jan. 18	there	18	16
Dwight	Jan. 20	here	36	40
Glen Eden	Jan. 25	here	11	88
Hillside	Jan. 28	there	35	41
Rosemary	Feb. 4	there	10	33
St. Margaret's	Feb. 11	there	20	35
Mrs. Day's	Feb. 28	here	45	70
Wykeham Rise	Mar. 3	there	16	30
Rosemary	Mar. 7	here	20	26
Glen Eden	Mar. 10	there	8	68
Greenwich Academy	Mar. 15	here	24	36

Barbara Black has been a wonderful A. A. president. She has made us want to excel more than ever in athletics, setting us a record example herself.

Also, a word of thanks to the scrubs, who give of their best to the game, but who stay in the background while we sing the praises of our stars. Give them a thought!

TRACK

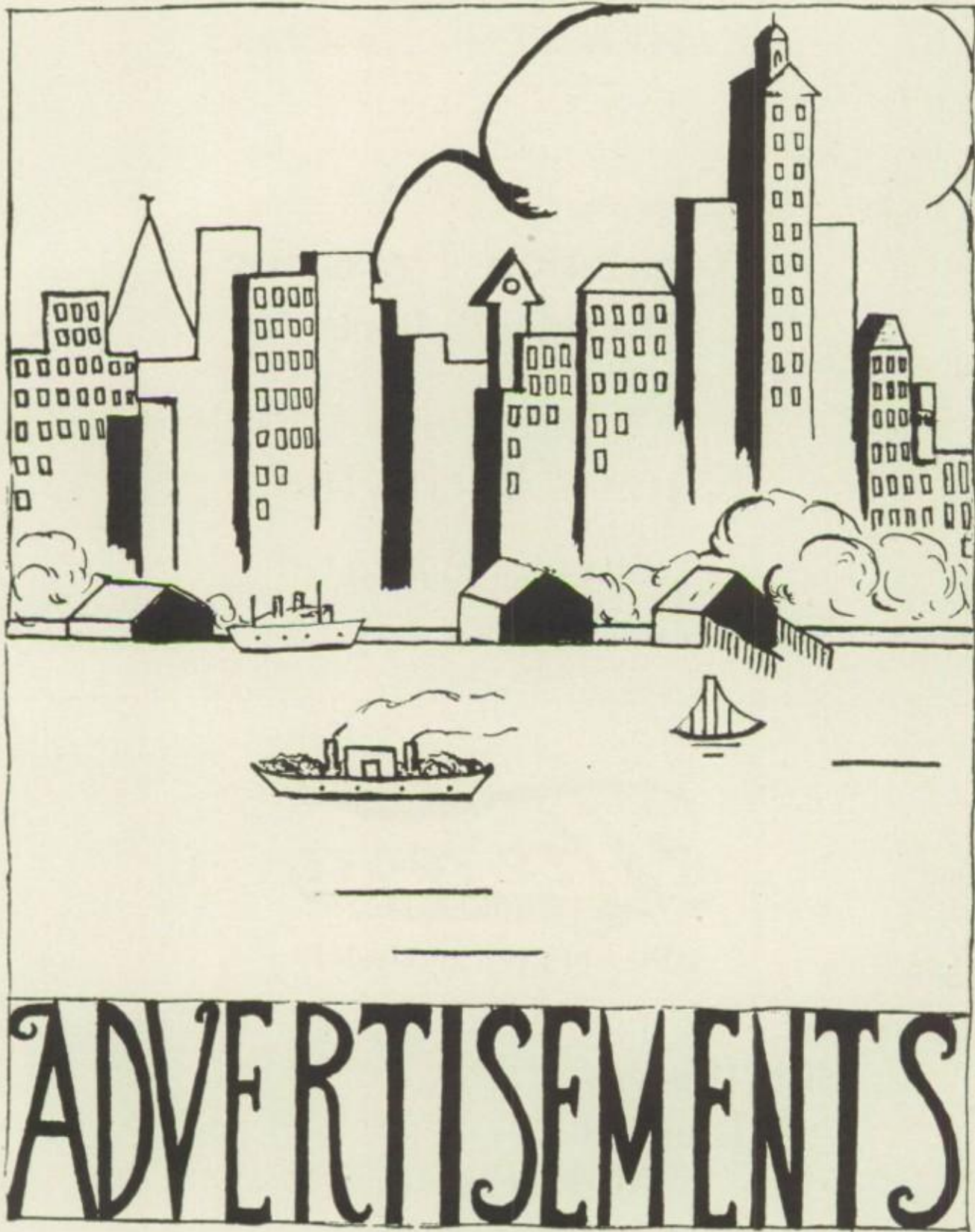
We no longer have an interscholastic track meet, in which only the few very good athletes can join, but track, baseball, soccer, field-ball, and tennis are open to everyone. This is a great deal more fun, and plenty of competition ensues between the Black and Blue teams during the final season.

THE HALO EXCHANGES

The Halo acknowledges the following Exchanges:

- The Day Star, Mrs. Day's School, New Haven, Conn.
The Question Mark, Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn.
The Green Leaf, Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.
The Packet, Buckingham School, Cambridge, Conn.
The Budget, Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.
The Maze, Miss May's School, Boston, Mass.
The Hotchkiss Literary Monthly, Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.
Cargoes, Kent Place, Summit, N. J.
Broadcaster, Theresa High School, Theresa, N. Y.
The Wheel, Miss Chapin's School, New York City.
The King School Review, King School, Stamford, Conn.
The Green Witch, Greenwich High School, Greenwich, Conn.
The Phoenix, Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y.
The Blue Print, Katherine Branson School, Ross, Cal.
The Turret, Tower School, Salem, Mass.
The Clio, Miss Beard's School, Orange, N. J.
The Dwightonia, Dwight School, Englewood, N. J.
The Academe, Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.
The Countryday Dial, Troy Countryday School, Troy, N. Y.
The Student, Freeport High School, Freeport, N. Y.
The Chestnut Burr, Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Penna.

THE HALO



THE HALO

Rosemary Shearer & Susan Patrick
SCHOOL OUTFITTING
2 West 16 Street · New York
CHELSEA 0251
✧

Regulation Dress for
Exacting Schools

Class Distinctions
Athletic Apparel

THE
Theresa
FEMININE WEAR

ATLANTIC SQUARE

Dresses

Blouses

Silk Hosiery

Lingerie

Neckwear

Sweaters

Corsets

Brassieres

Millinery

Quality - Courtesy - Service

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

FIFTH AVE.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

NEW YORK



Up-to-the-Season Fashions for "Miss Junior"

A shoulder cape and upstanding American broadtail collar give chic to a kashmir coat, \$49.50. An ensemble that divides to form a silk-lined coat and a becoming crepe frock fills many wardrobe needs, \$39.50. At least one "small print" silk crepe—preferably tiered—is a gay necessity, \$29.50. The result of featherweight tweed, fringed, unlined, with silk blouse in self tone, is a daytime ensemble certain of much wear, \$25.00.

NEW COATS, FROCKS AND ENSEMBLES FOR "MISS JUNIOR"
SECOND FLOOR

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

*Bags Appear in Unusual Fabrics
and Vivid Colorings*

The bags that you will carry with your summer frocks and suits seem to be more brilliant than ever this season. Many are very modernistic in both design and combination of colors. Straw, and straw-like fabrics, linens, prints and exotic fabrics all lend a most striking note yet blend perfectly with any costume you may choose.

STREET FLOOR

The C. O. Miller Co.
ESTABLISHED 1868

ATLANTIC SQUARE

STAMFORD, CONN.

Lingerie Shoppe

MOLLIE MARCUS

*Garments specially priced from
\$2.50 up*

All garments made on premises

Gurley Bldg. Stamford, Conn.

Tel. 4993

A. W. HARRIS

STATIONERY

and ENGRAVING

334 Atlantic St. Stamford, Conn.

Compliments of

The

French Millinery Shop

Stamford's Largest

Millinery Establishment

459 Main Street

Frigidaire

∴

Radio Supplies

The Downes-Smith Co.

79 ATLANTIC STREET

STAMFORD, CONN.

PHONES 1034 and 2050

Electrical Contractors ∴ Electrical Supplies

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

W. A. McCLELLAND

INCORPORATED

226 ATLANTIC STREET

Optometrists

Opticians

Oculists' Prescriptions Filled

Eyes Examined

Glasses Fitted

Developing, Printing and Enlarging

Photographic Supplies

LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER

STAMFORD COKE

THE STAMFORD GAS &

ELECTRIC CO.

11-17 Bank Street

Stamford,

Conn.

The
Chas. H. Elliott Co.

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

Commencement

Invitations

Class Day Programs

Class Pins and

Rings

Dance Programs and Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance Cases and Covers

Fraternity and Class Inserts for Annuals

Fraternity and Class Stationery

School Catalogs and Illustrations

Wedding Invitations

Calling Cards

Seventeenth Street and Lehigh Avenue
Philadelphia

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

THE GIFT SHOP OF STAMFORD

Pictures of all kinds, framed and unframed,
Pottery, Fire Sets, Desk Sets, Book Ends,
Serving Trays, Smoking Stands, Incense
Burners, Lamps—Table, Reading, Bridge,
Boudoir,—Odd Tables, Chairs, Sewing Cab-
inets, etc.

Furniture of every Description

THE LYMAN HOYT'S SON & CO.

ATLANTIC SQUARE

Opposite Town Hall

(Busy since 1837)

Arch-Aid Shoe
Shop

Orthopedic and Dress Shoes

3 Bank Street

Stamford, Conn.

Tel. 434

A. V. CORBO, *Proprietor*

SAMUEL PHILLIPS

INCORPORATED

Jewelers and Silversmiths

STAMFORD, CONN.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO



THE PAGAN

TWO SLIM BUCKLED
STRAPS, A TAPERING,
GRACEFUL HEEL

L. Spelke & Son

419 Main St. Stamford, Conn.

THE YORK SHOE

Footwear for All Occasions

Phone 568

Atlantic Square
Stamford, Conn.

FRANK M. WEST

PAINTS, HARDWARE
HOUSEFURNISHINGS
BOAT SUPPLIES

PHONE 1374

18 Park Row Stamford, Conn.

Siegelbaums
STAMFORD CONN
205-211 ATLANTIC ST

Dry Goods and
Women's Apparel

The Mernstein Shop

Gowns, Frocks, Coats and Furs
For All Occasions

Staten Island Cleaning
and Dyeing, Est.

421 Main St. Stamford, Ct.

Compliments of

Class of
1928

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

BILTMORE FOREST

Biltmore, North Carolina

Over one thousand acres of the famous Biltmore Estate, near Asheville, North Carolina, have been divided into residential property, and surrounds the links of the Biltmore Forest Country Club.

This is now offered for sale to selected purchasers.

In dividing this property the effort has been to retain the country atmosphere and at the same time give all the conveniences required for most comfortable living.

For further information address

BILTMORE ESTATE COMPANY

BILTMORE, N. C.

The G. R. Faucett Store

SPORTING GOODS

406-408 Main St.

Stamford, Conn.

Leon Deran Studio

250 Atlantic St.—Advocate Bldg.

Stamford, Conn.

THE CHAMBERLIN STATIONERY CO., INC.

Business and Social Stationery

27 BANK STREET

STAMFORD

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

THE GILLESPIE BROS., INC.

Printing

SPECIALISTS IN SCHOOL CATALOGUES
YEAR BOOKS, ETC. PUBLISHERS
OF THE STAMFORD ADVOCATE

ANN REBECCA'S

LUNCHEON AND CAKE
SHOPPE

360 Atlantic Street

The Lockwood & Palmer Co.

"The House of Quality"

Hardware, House Furnishings and
Furniture

Stamford,

Conn.

ARTHORA

Victrolas
Records
Radio Sets

73 Atlantic Street

Gold's

481 Main Street
(Cor. Pacific Street)

Dry Goods and
Women's Apparel

PHONE 929

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

THE HALO

Edwin-Gore-Dunning

Portrait-Photographer

Home Portraits
By Appointment

Studio
24 Park Row

Phone 3677 Stamford

Stamford, Conn.



Diamonds, Watches and
Jewelry

A Store judged by the character
of jewelry it sells

KRONHOLTZ, Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1888

Jewelers with a reputation

505 Main St.

Stamford, Conn

Compliments of

THE HALO BOARD

Please Patronize the Stores that Advertise

Stamford Transit Co.

TAXI SERVICE

Compliments of
A FRIEND

"WE PRACTICE THE GOLDEN RULE"



NURSERY AND GREENHOUSES
BOSTON POST ROAD
SOUND BEACH, CONN.

Phones
Rye 764 Stamford 2455 Sound Beach 782

Thamer Inc., 87-91 Atlantic St., Stamford
BRIDGE PRIZES
AND
PRESENTS

We invite you to visit our leather novelty counter when looking for bridge prizes and presents.

Below we list a few of the many attractive articles to be found there

Hand Bags	Vanity Cases
Beaded Bags	Change Purses
Jewel Boxes	Bridge Sets
Bill Folds	Scissors Sets
Travelling Clocks	
De La Rue Playing Cards	
Cigarette Holders and Cases	

THAMER, Inc.
OPTOMETRISTS
and OPTICIANS
87 Atlantic St., Stamford, Conn..

Autographs

